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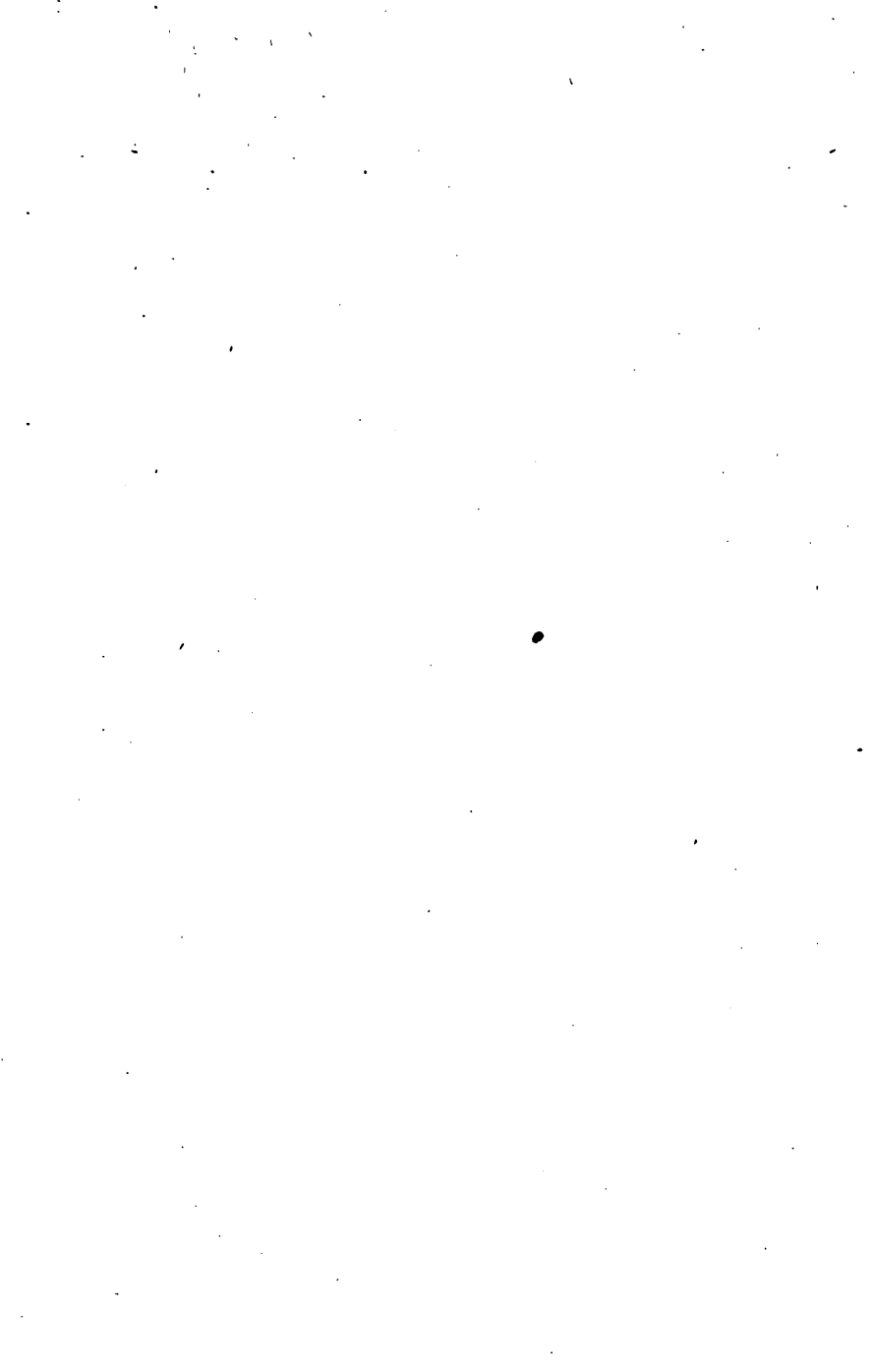
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NOTES BY

P. H. PEARSON, A. M.

*Professor of the English Language and Literature
at Bethany College*

EVANGELINE



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EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

With a Biographical Sketch
Suggestions for Study
and Notes

BY

P. H. PEARSON, A. M.

*Professor of the English Language and Literature
at Bethany College*

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE year 1807 gave to America two poets, John Greenleaf Whittier and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the home of his father, a lawyer of the city of Portland, Longfellow had access to good books, and was early encouraged in his enthusiasm to make use of them. He was prepared for college in Portland Academy. Among his teachers at this institution were Mr. Carter and Mr. Jacob Abbott. In 1821 he passed the entrance examinations required for admission to Bowdoin College, but on account of his youth he did not go up for residence study until a year later.

At Bowdoin he had the advantage of living in the midst of a district noted for its attractive scenery: the forests, the pine hills, and the Androscoggin Falls were not far off. This region had, moreover, the charm of being associated with interesting Indian legends.

Among his fellow-students at Bowdoin were several who later became famous—Nathaniel Hawthorne, classmate of the poet; J. S. C. Abbott, the historian; and Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States.

During his college years, Longfellow contributed poems to publications in Portland and Boston. Some of these—as, for instance, “Thanksgiving”—appeared later on in

the collection, "Voices of the Night." At graduation he ranked fourth in a class of thirty-eight. To him was assigned the English oration, the one of the commencement parts that carried with it the greatest distinction.

Even before graduation he had attracted notice as a graceful and promising scholar. Consequently, when the trustees of Bowdoin were to select a professor for the recently established chair of modern languages, their eyes fell upon the young poet. He had, however, received no training that made him fully qualified to fill the position; and they appointed him with the understanding that he was to spend some time in Europe to prepare for the work.

Accordingly, in 1826 he set sail for Europe, and visited France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. During his stay in Europe he bent himself assiduously to the task of mastering foreign languages and of studying their literatures. The only writing attempted while on this trip was a series of sketches in prose, consisting of impressions jotted down on his travels. These were brought out in a little volume in 1835, under the title of "Outre-Mer; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea."

In 1829 he came back to America, and entered upon his duties as teacher. He became devoted to his work at once. In the interest of his department he prepared a French grammar and edited some French and Spanish texts.

At Bowdoin he continued till 1834, when, through the resignation of Professor Ticknor, the chair of modern languages at Harvard became vacant. Longfellow was recommended for the position, and received a call to succeed Ticknor. According to the stipulations of the call he was

to be granted leave of absence for a year or eighteen months, to be spent in Europe "for the more perfect attainment of German."

His second European trip, on which he started in 1835, took him to northern Europe. He spent the summer of 1835 in Stockholm, Sweden, where he at once began to study Swedish and also Finnish. While here he studied the literature of the country, and it is said that "Swedish poetry exercised upon him an influence not to be shaken off." On this trip he visited Switzerland, but spent most of his time at Heidelberg, Germany, where he devoted his time to the study of German literature.

In 1836 he began his work at Harvard. Though he gave his time and energy faithfully to his duties, he disliked the work of teaching, on account of the time it took from those pursuits in authorship which he felt to be his chief work.

In 1854 he resigned his position at Harvard, and was succeeded by James Russell Lowell. The Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard, which was held by these three men,—Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell,—accomplished the gigantic task of bringing American scholarship in the modern tongues and literatures up to a rank equal with that long held in the classics. Since the death of Lowell (1891) this professorship has remained vacant.

After 1854 he continued to live at the old historic Craigue House; and now that he enjoyed freedom from lecturing and from supervising assistants, he gave his time entirely to authorship. He made two more trips to Europe, in 1842 and in 1868. His last years were as busy as

those of his youth, so that up to the time of his death, in 1882, he continued to bring out successive volumes of verse.

Among his chief works may be mentioned the following: "Voices of the Night" and "Hyperion," brought out in 1839; "Ballads and Other Poems," 1841. In 1845 appeared "Poets and Poetry of Europe," a collection of translations from the principal European languages. "Evangeline" was brought out in 1847, while the poet was in the midst of his duties as teacher at Harvard. "Hiawatha" was published in 1855; "Birds of Passage" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in 1858; "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, and "The Divine Tragedy" in 1871.

Among these works, some, indeed, bear close traces of European influence and inspiration, but taken as a whole they are the pride of our national American literature. Longfellow was a versatile writer. He wrote prose and poetry, made translations and adaptations, wrote stirring ballads, lyrics of sentiment and reflection, idyls, epics, and dramas. In respect to form, he made a success of meters that up to his time had very seldom been attempted in English. His poems appeal straight to the heart and to the best impulses in the human soul, so that he has justly earned the distinction of being "America's most beloved poet."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.

The first principle according to the plan of study as here conceived, is to let the purpose and spirit of the masterpiece determine how it is to be treated in the class-room. This presupposes, at least on the part of the teacher, a ready responsiveness to the best elements in thought and form that the selection contains, an attitude certainly essential to the best results. Again, if the teacher has this kind of sympathetic appreciation of its value, he will be on his guard against allowing himself and his class to manipulate it as material merely for secondary purposes, no matter how useful these may be. He will find that the quickening thoughts and sentiments of a masterpiece, its truths and beauties, its form, its spirit as an organism, will insistently claim all the time, and more than he can give to it.

In regard to details of method, all that can usually be done in the class-room may be grouped under three heads:

INTERPRETATION is such a process of dealing with a selection as leads the pupil to a clear realization of the thought and message the author intended to convey. Obscurities of whatever kind are cleared up—such as difficulties in language and construction; so also those references and allusions that tend to obstruct the way. The pupil is led to take cognizance of the hints and suggestions given, in order that every thought, sentiment, scene, character, and situation may be realized in its completeness and fullness. Then, instead of dealing with the matter pre-

sented as mere shadowy conceptions, he will re-live it as a vitalizing experience, thereby instituting a true organic connection between the new truths and beauties and those already assimilated.

At this stage the process will be largely analytic. So far as time allows, each thought is closely followed up, and each suggestion worked out. Here it is of importance to shape the work for the pupil in such a way that it becomes definite and manageable. The teacher should, in fact, see to it that the work is cast into a form which, by its suggestiveness, furnishes a point of approach, calls for, and, so to say, invites the best efforts of the pupil. Again, the issue must not be something microscopic, thin, or fanciful; it must always have a vital relation to the central idea, and must always be something worth while.

The readiest way, as it seems to the editor, of bringing the essential part of the work before the pupils in this manageable form is by means of a series of questions suggestively framed and consistently and logically correlated. These should be before the pupils while they prepare the portion of the text assigned as the lesson. The answers, to a part of these at least, should be written and handed in before the recitation begins.

APPRECIATION is such further study of a masterpiece in its larger units as will lead to definite and ordered impressions of it as a whole. This does not necessarily call for a certain number of readings and re-readings. Though a fair amount of time should be allowed if thorough work is to be done, yet good results may be reached even by working through it once. In such cases the teacher and his class may stop at the natural divisions to gather up the

threads, and, when the piece is finished, bring together the results in a synthetic review. It should be kept in mind that the larger problems will assume definite shape only after the selection has received some study. Appreciation is a synthetic process, the completion required by Interpretation, which is analytic.

Besides attempting to reach a definite, rational conception of a piece as an organic unit, there is a further step involved in appreciation, namely, that of noting how it is related to other literary productions of its kind,—an attempt, in short, to ascertain its position historically.

The special characteristics of a work taken up at this stage of the study require time for reflection. The problems should, in fact, always be so formulated that the pupil, in dealing with them, will be necessitated to hold them before his mind for some time; concentration of attention and efforts at steady thinking are essential. The final result may be given either in a brief paper or in written propositions to be presented in full orally. Several topics of the kind mentioned, together with suggestions and questions, are appended to this discussion.

DISCIPLINARY OR CONSTRUCTIVE WORK. Though this kind of study does not apply (except in a special sense) to the poem "Evangeline," it is still mentioned here for the sake of the completeness of the outline. In the study of modern prose-writers, particularly the essayists, the teacher will find a most valuable aid in teaching composition. Here literary study and composition-writing go hand in hand. After reading the sentences and paragraphs of Thoreau, Burroughs, Hawthorne, Stevenson, and Macaulay, the pupil should be able to make his own sentences and

paragraphs better in point of form. In the class of writers mentioned the teacher may adapt the work so as to afford some training like this, and still be fairly within the province of literary study.

So far as this line of study can be applied to the present poem, it will take the form of an examination of the more primary principles that govern the movement of verse. A few of the topics to be taken up should be: The general character of the hexameter; the kind of foot that prevails; the difference in rhythm imparted by the use of the dactyl and the spondee respectively; the function of pauses; the distinction between "end-stopped" lines and "run-on" lines, etc. A good deal is accomplished if the pupil has been led to give reasons for the movement of any certain line, and to tell whether or not it follows the thought closely. A few such exercises are included in this plan.

Historical Basis and Occasion of the Poem.

The wars waged between France and England during the eighteenth century extended to their colonies in America. The Peninsula of Nova Scotia, which had been alternately in the hands of the French and the English, was finally ceded to the English by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. The inhabitants, who were of French descent, were not much disturbed by the change of government until the French and Indian War, 1754-1763. They were then required to swear allegiance to the English. Many of them, however, refused to become assimilated with this people, alien to them in customs, language, and religion. It was then that the English resorted to the cruel expedient of

banishing them from their homes and their country. They were unexpectedly summoned to their places of worship, made prisoners, brought on board English transports, and carried to the New England colonies and the South.

In regard to the occasion, it is related that Longfellow got the first suggestion for the poem while dining one day with Hawthorne and a friend of the latter, Rev. Mr. Conolly, of Boston. This gentleman stated "that he had been trying in vain to interest Hawthorne to write a story upon an incident which had been related to him by a parishioner of his, Mrs. Haliburton." He then related the substance of the story. Longfellow was touched by it, and told Hawthorne, "If you really do not want this incident for a tale, let me have it for a poem"; and to this Hawthorne consented.

When were the earliest French settlements made in North America? Ascertain the geographical location of Acadia. What was the form of religion of the Acadians? What was their chief employment? Describe as vividly as possible their environments. Were they in close communication with England or France? What was England's purpose in dispersing the settlers among her colonies? Would the material of this tale have been well suited for a prose romance in the style of Hawthorne? What features of the story had, in all probability, chief attraction for Longfellow?

The sources and references of which the poet makes constant use are mainly of three kinds:

(a) THE SCRIPTURES. The expressions and the language as well as the thought and spirit of the Bible are before

the poet throughout. Of the sources and direct references, those pertaining to the Scriptures are the most numerous.

Find instances where Scriptural sentiments and language are made use of in the utterances of the characters. Also, find instances of their occurrence in the descriptions and explanations given by the poet. Is it perfectly in keeping with the character of the people to find them making frequent reference to the Scriptures? What general tone is infused into the poem by these references? In respect to their religious character, what noticeable difference between them and the Puritans as portrayed in the "Courtship of Miles Standish"?

(b) **FOLK-LORE AND HISTORY.** Part of the poet's plan was to bring these people before us in their individuality, to single them out as a distinct community with its own marked characteristics of thought and feeling. To do this he lets us know of their descent, and of the ancestral traditions preserved and cherished among the hardships incident to their seclusion.

Point out passages containing quaint beliefs and superstitions. Give instances where these beliefs have evidently been handed down as part of their ancestral traditions. Find also cases where they seem to be based on their present environments. What effect does the poet have in mind in weaving bits of folk-lore into the story? Are there anywhere in the story any touches of mysticism? Note whether their church service, betrothal ceremonies, domestic customs, or amusements present them as attached to the customs of their forefathers. Do the historic allusions throw any light upon the patriotism of the Acadians in

such a way as to show to whom they thought they owed allegiance? Are these touches and descriptions of their character given as separate bits of information, or are they brought in as organic parts of the story?

(c) PIONEER LIFE AND INDIAN TRADITIONS. The second half of the poem is made up largely of Western life. The descriptions are, in general, brought in as accounts of the life and employment of the exiled Acadians—*coureurs-des-bois*, *voyageurs*, hunters, and trappers. There is a good deal, too, of voyaging on the Ohio and the Mississippi, of camp life, plantations, Western ranches, of travel on the plains and in the mountains, of the early mission stations, etc. This also requires the constant mention of localities, which aids in imparting a distinct Western tone: Ozark Mountains, Opelousas, the Oregon, the Nebraska, Wind River Mountains, Sierras. The tales of Mowis the bridegroom of snow, and of the fair Lilinau, enrich the poem with Indian legends. A similar touch is found in the weather forecast by the Indians (156).

What was their usual hour for retiring? What custom is hinted at in line 260? Single out passages remarkable for local color. Mention some customs that will at once be recognized as true of a people in their situation. What expressions and descriptions bring the pioneer conditions before us most vividly? Point out passages in which Indian traits are depicted. Show how the appellation, "Black Robe Chief," is in truthful harmony with the environments. Was it part of the poet's plan to present a complete and fully developed picture of any Indian character?

SCOPE OF THE STORY. The two parts of the poem exhibit a marked contrast in movement. The first part is crowded with descriptions, character portrayals, and incidents, and leads up to a climax in the death and burial of Evangeline's father and the simultaneous burning of the village. In tone it exhibits a contrast as it moves from joy to grief; the time covered is only a few days.

The second part relates the wanderings of Evangeline; as to time, it covers many years. Its tone is pathetic throughout, and works up to a climax in the concluding scene, where the lovers are brought together.

What is the purpose of the Prelude? In music a prelude forms either an approach to the main theme or introduces it in contrasted form. Why does the author divide the story into two parts? Why does the first part end with the burning of the village? What effect is gained by letting the proclamation be preceded by a scene of merriment and dancing? Does it contain any improbabilities?

TIME AND PLACE. The indefiniteness of the time is indicated by the first line and by such lines as "Naught but tradition remains." The places where the plot is laid are not concealed under the guise of fictitious names. The localities may easily be found on any good map.

How long time is covered by the first part? By the second part? Find passages that throw light on the time of the occurrences. Why is the time left indefinite? Locate the principal places on the map.

DESCRIPTION. The life of the poem consists in the continuous superb descriptions. In the very first words

is a touch rarely excelled—"This is the forest primeval." It brings before the reader as if by magic, the original undisturbed primordial conditions. Again the description flows on with a certain epic repose and fullness (43-57; 87-102; 330-352). As an example of sustained grandeur and impressiveness may be cited the portrayal of the burning of the village of Grand-Pré, beginning at line 613.

Note the general description of the village, and point out those expressions and epithets that are particularly suggestive. Observe that after the general portrayal, particulars are brought in and the scene is animated. Compare the order here followed with that in the Deserted Village. Select other passages remarkable for conciseness and suggestiveness. Passages that illustrate the author's delicate feeling for the value of expressions. Descriptions that indicate his accuracy of observation. Are there any instances of improbabilities or undue heightening for the sake of effect? What scene is described with most completeness?

CHARACTERS. We may study the characters of fiction from two points of view. First, as to the degree of their completeness. Then we shall find that the author has bestowed more care and attention on the development of one or two of them than on any of the others; in fact, the entire story has their portrayal as its purpose. These are the chief figures, or, as they are often called, heroes and heroines. Then we have a second class, that are sketched only sufficiently for the exigencies of the story; for the purpose they serve, not for their own sake. A third class consists of those whose function in the story is simply

mechanical: they have a name, and sometimes not that; at any rate, no individuality.

The second point of view from which we may regard the characters of fiction is the degree of their individuality. Then we have the individual, whose power and temperament differentiate him from all the other characters, and bring him into prominence as a distinct force in the story. Next, we have the conventional figure or the type. He is less distinct, because he is one of a class, as the typical soldier, peasant, stubborn uncle, comic doctor, maiden aunt. Sometimes the author may take extra pains with one of these, and cause him to rise out of the class into distinct individuality. Lastly, there is the mere figure who is not developed or even sketched, but simply mentioned.

Find instances of character contrast; note the portrayal of Benedict Bellefontaine and Basil the blacksmith. What traits of Evangeline are most admirable? Who is the more heroic—Evangeline, or Gabriel? What incidents in the story give us the clearest insight into their character? Find analogies to the personages here depicted in the figures of John Alden and Priscilla in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

ELEMENTS OF PATHOS AND TRAGEDY. Grand forces wasted or paralyzed without reaching a consummation corresponding to their nature, produce the effect of tragedy. Youth, beauty, and affections are such forces. In the case of Evangeline they are united with mental energies of a very high order: witness her tireless search through the length and breadth of a vast continent. Under propitious conditions such energy would have made her a very promi-

next character in the pursuits of ambition. We see these powers slowly crushed under a particularly adverse fate. The tale is no less pathetic because the hero and heroine do not succumb to sudden or violent forces.

What do you regard as the most dramatic incident? What effect is served by such incidents as the one in which Gabriel passes Evangeline and her party on the Mississippi without discovering her? Are there any supernatural elements in the story?

ITS NATIONAL CHARACTER. The poem is as distinctly national and American as a poem can be that deals with the universal subjects of youth, love, and frustrated hopes. Among the single features that impart such a character to it may be mentioned the historical occurrence on which it is based, locality of the incidents, descriptions of pioneer life, Indian habits and traditions, and the men and women that appear. Another feature not to be overlooked is the way in which it is cut off from nearly all other poems not American. Here is almost a total absence of traditional poetic material, such as classic myths and allusions.

Has its national character anything to do with its value as poetry? Poetry springs from life, and depends for its poetic content on life; again, poetry reacts on life, and moulds it. If this is true, we may well ask, "What kind of life has the poet depicted?" Incidents, episodes, sentiments and feelings produce a different effect on us if they lie close at hand from what they do if they are remote. The poem which deals with themes and problems arising from our own environments and with the struggles of our own national existence, reflects the poetic side of life in a way

that is more helpful and more readily appreciated than if the theme were a foreign one.

DICTION. The poet reaches the greatest effects through the use of the simplest means; hence in the choice of expressions we find everywhere moderation and repose. A suggestion of the epic manner may often be observed in the accompaniment of objects by epithets of praise: "odorous corn-loft"; "foaming streamlets"; "deep-voiced neighboring ocean"; "diligent shuttle"; "laboring oar"; "honey fragrant with wild flowers." The principal figure of speech is the simile. It is employed to give clearness and vigor to the description; but it is never allowed to expand into an independent picturesqueness like many of the similes of Milton and Homer.

Find the passages that illustrate the poet's skilful employment of plain unadorned language. Note cases of brevity peculiar to poetic constructions. Does the poet often use archaic or obsolete expressions? Find instances where the effect is heightened by the use of such words. Cite passages where picturesqueness is imparted by the simile and other figures. Are there any cases of the fixed adjective, like Homer's "swift-footed Achilles" or Tennyson's "lily maid"?

THE METRE is the old classic hexameter, that of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and of Virgil's *Æneid*. In English the best examples we have are *Evangeline*, Clough's *Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, and Kingsley's *Andromeda*.

In the hexameter each line is made up of six measures, or feet. The feet here are of two kinds—the dactyl, which

consists of three syllables, the first one accented, the other two unaccented ($\acute{\text{—}}\text{—}\text{—}$). The other foot is the spondee; it is made up of two syllables, both long, or with equal accent ($\acute{\text{—}}\text{—}$). Many spondees are really trochaic in character.

“ $\overline{\text{This}}\ \overline{\text{is}}\ \overline{\text{the}}\ |\ \overline{\text{forest}}\ \overline{\text{pri}}\ |\ \overline{\text{meval}}\ .\ \overline{\text{The}}\ |\ \overline{\text{murmuring}}\ |\ \overline{\text{pines}}$
and the | $\overline{\text{hemlocks}}\ .$ ”

The scanning here shows that the first five are dactyls and the sixth a spondee.

“ $\overline{\text{Bearded}}\ \overline{\text{with}}\ |\ \overline{\text{moss}},\ \overline{\text{and}}\ \overline{\text{in}}\ |\ \overline{\text{garments}}\ |\ \overline{\text{green}},\ \overline{\text{indis-}}$
 $\overline{\text{tinct}}\ \overline{\text{in}}\ \overline{\text{the}}\ |\ \overline{\text{twilight}}\ .$ ”

Here the first, second, fourth and fifth are dactyls; the third and sixth, spondees.

A more extended examination will show that the dactyl is the predominating foot; hence the name of the metre, “dactylic hexameter.”

Other factors on which the movement of the verse depends are the pauses (usually called *cæsuras*), the stress required by the sense, and the musical qualities of the words themselves. In the first line there is a *cæsural* pause after the word “primeval.” Counting the feet and syllables that precede it, this pause would be marked $2\frac{2}{3}$. In the second line a pause follows “moss” ($1\frac{1}{2}$) and “green” ($3\frac{1}{2}$).

It will be noticed further, that in reading the first line there is a tendency to let the voice dwell with more weight on the words “primeval,” “pines,” and “hemlocks,” than on any of the others; so also in the second line, “moss,” “green,” and “twilight” take the sense stress. Again, the

tone qualities of the words give a character to the lines that determines their music and rhythm. In the line,

“Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean,” there is something in the tone-quality of the words themselves that moves in close harmony with the thought,—something that aids in bringing up before the mind the roll and swell of the ocean.

The exercises that follow are chosen with the view of making clear the main elements on which the rhythm depends.

Prepare a scheme for lines 1–19 in which the syllables and feet are marked according to the scheme of lines 1 and 2 of the preceding discussion.

Represent by numbers the feet and fractional part of a foot that precede the cæsural pause.

Compare lines made up of dactyls with lines made up chiefly of spondees, and determine the difference in movement.

Which of the six feet of the hexameter cannot be substituted by any other foot?

Find ten lines in which the movement is light and rapid; find also ten lines in which it is decidedly heavy. Discuss and explain, so far as possible, the causes of this difference.

EVANGELINE.

PRELUDE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms,
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean 5
Speaks; and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

THIS is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts
that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the
voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-
lands, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever
departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of
October

Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far
o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of
Grand-Pré. 15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and
is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of women's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of
the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas, 20

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor
incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
flood-gates 25

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.

West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and
cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to
the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the moun-
tains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic 30

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian vil-
lage.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of
the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables
projecting 35

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chim-
neys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden 40

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the
songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless
them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens, 45
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely
the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascend-
ing, 50
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and con-
tentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farm-
ers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows; 55
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of
the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abun-
dance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin
of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
Pré,

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
household, 60

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
village.

Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes;

White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown
as the oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the wayside, 66

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-
tide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the
maiden. 70

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from
its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads
and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the
ear-rings 75

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
 heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long genera-
 tions.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
 confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
 upon her. 80
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of ex-
 quisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
 farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a
 shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
 around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a
 footpath 85
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
 meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-
 house,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with
 its moss-grown 90
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the
 horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the
 barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the
selfsame 95

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.

In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-
case,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent
inmates 100

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant
breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of muta-
tion.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his
missal, 105

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devo-
tion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her
garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-
friended,

And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her
footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker
of iron; 110

Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115

Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all
men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and na-
tions,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest
childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father
Felician, 120

Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them
their letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church
and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lessons com-
pleted,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-
smith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to be-
hold him 125

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-
thing,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of
the cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering dark-
ness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
cranny and crevice, 150

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the
ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the
chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the
eagle,

Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow. 135

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the
swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the
swallow!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were
children. 140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.

"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; 145

She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey 155

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape 160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart
of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of
pigeons, 165
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and
the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of
the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with man-
tles and jewels. 170

Now recommenced the region of rest and affection and
stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds
to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on
each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness
of evening. 175
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved
from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from
the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed
the watch-dog, 180
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his
instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their
protector
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence,
the wolves howled. 185
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of
crimson, 190
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular
cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the
farm-yard, 195

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the
farmer

Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and
the smoke-wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind
him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fan-
tastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into dark-
ness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on
the dresser 205

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the
sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christ-
mas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline
seated, 210

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner be-
hind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone
of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals
ceases, 215
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest
at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the
clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, sud-
denly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on
its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the
blacksmith, 220
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with
him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps
paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on
the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without
thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of
tobacco; 225
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial
face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of
the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fire-
side:— 230

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy
ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled
with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline
brought him, 235

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly
continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at
their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed
against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are com-
manded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's
mandate 240

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean
time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friend-
lier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in
England

By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,²⁴⁵
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle
and children."

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the
blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he
continued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port
Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-
skirts,²⁵⁰

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all
kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe
of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our
cornfields,²⁵⁵

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of
sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the
contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the
village²⁶⁰

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the
glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a
twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-
horn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our
children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her
lover's, 263

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had
spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the
ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary
public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,
hung 270

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses
with horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hun-
dred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished
a captive, 275

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
English.

Now, though warrior grown, without all guile or suspicion,

Ripe in wisdom was he, and patient, and simple, and childlike.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, ²⁸⁰
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who un-
christened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of
children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a
nutshell, ²⁸⁵

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and
horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-
smith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending
his right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the
talk of the village, ²⁹⁰

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships
and their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary pub-
lic,—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the
wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know no better than
others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention ²⁹⁵
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then
molest us ?"

“God’s name!” shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible
blacksmith;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and
the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest!”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary
public,— 300

“Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often con-
soled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port
Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved to re-
peat it.

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done
them. 305

“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-
member,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice pre-
sided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of
the people. 310

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine
above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were cor-
rupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed,
and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's
palace 315

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, 320
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the
thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its
left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the
balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-
woven." 325

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the
blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no
language;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as
the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table, 330

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-
brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and
inkhorn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in
cattle. 335

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the
margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bride-
groom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its
corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old
men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made
in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon
rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. ³⁵⁰
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the
belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straight-
way
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the
household. ³⁵⁵
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-
step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the
hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline fol-
lowed. ³⁶⁰
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door
of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and
its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully
folded ³⁶⁵
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her hus-
band in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a
housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and
radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till
the heart of the maiden 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of
the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood
with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her cham-
ber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the or-
chard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp
and her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of
sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a mo-
ment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the
moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
footsteps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar.

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding
at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous
labor 385
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neigh-
boring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous
meadows, 390
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in
the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups
at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-
gether. 395
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; ⁴⁰⁰
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the
notary seated; ⁴⁰⁵
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts
and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on
his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the
fiddler ⁴¹⁰
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from
the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folks and young together, and children mingled among
them. 417

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without,
in the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung
on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
of the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. 433

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! 440

Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then
rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
door-way. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce impre-
cations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted,— 455

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn
them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a
soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry conten-
tion, 460

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;

Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and
mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

"What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has
seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations ? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgive-
ness ?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred ?

Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing
upon you !

See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy com-
passion ! 475

Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ' O Father,
forgive them ! '

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, ' O Father, forgive them ! ' "

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of
his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate
outbreak, 480

While they repeated his prayer, and said, " O Father, for-
give them ! "

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed
from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave
Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with
devotion translated, 485
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

✓ Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,
and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and
children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right
hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that,
descending, 490
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and
roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its
windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the
table;
✓ There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with
wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought
from the dairy; 495
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the
farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial
meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial as-
cended,— 500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and
patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the
women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they de-
parted,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their
children. 505

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering
vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending
from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline
lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the
windows 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by
emotion,

"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no
answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of
her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the
supper untasted. 515

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phan-
toms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain
fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing
thunder 520

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
He created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-
bered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the
fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house. 525

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-
cession,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,

Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the
sea-shore,

Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwell-
ings,

Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the
woodland. 530

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
oxen,

While in their little hands they clasped some fragments
of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there
on the sea-beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
ply; 535

All day long the wains came laboring down from the vil-
lage.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden
the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy
procession 540

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farm-
ers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and
their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and
wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and
their daughters. 545

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that
stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine
above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet
him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,
and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may
happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for
her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his
aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his
eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment, where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried, While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux ocean 575

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle, All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, 580

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their
pastures; 585

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from
their udders;

Lowling they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of
the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of
the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no An-
gelus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from
the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks
in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying
of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his
parish, 595

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.

Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with
her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought
or emotion, 600

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer
him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not,
he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-
light.

"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compas-
sion. 605

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and
his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on
a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence
of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the
maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above
them 610

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sor-
rows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in
silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the
 blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the
 horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and
 meadow, 615
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
 together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the
 village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in
 the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame
 were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quiver-
 ing hands of a martyr. 620
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,
 and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hun-
 dred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore
 and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
 anguish, 625
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
 Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-
 yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of
cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping
encampments 630

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Ne-
braska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed
of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds
and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed
o'er the meadows. 635

✓
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest
and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-
panion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on
the seashore

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had de-
parted. 640

Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;

And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion. Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses. 650

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of
our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. 660

’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,

• With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village
in ruins. 665

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to
city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
Father of Waters 675
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
heart-broken,

Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend
nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the
churchyards. 680

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,

Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its
pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her, 685

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the
sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and endeavor; 695

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her for-
ward. 700

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh, yes! we have
seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to
the prairies;

Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trap-
pers." 705

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have
seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait
for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as
loyal? 710

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved
thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be
happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and
not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines
the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh
within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was
wasted; 720

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of
affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is
made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and
waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whis-
pered, "Despair not!" 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless
discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of exist-
ence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's foot-
steps;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful year of
existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the
valley: 735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its
water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that
conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous mur-
mur;

Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an
outlet. 740

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
River,

Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boat-
men.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-
wrecked 745

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common mis-
fortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. 750
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre
with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its
borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where
plumelike 755
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with
the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their
margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans
waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the
river, 760
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-
cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and
citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the east-
ward. 765

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in midair 770
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathe-
drals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the
herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on
the water, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks
in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-
passed. 780

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of
a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered be-
fore her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose-one of
the oarsmen,

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast
on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the
blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the
forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to
the music.

795

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the dark-
ness;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was
the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight, 800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds
of the desert,

Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the
grim alligator. 805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades;
and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the
lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boat-
men. 810

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges
of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were sus-
pended. 815

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the
margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the
greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slum-
bered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the
grapevine 820

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descend-
ing,

Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom
to blossom.

Such/ was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered be-
neath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an open-
ing heaven 825

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison
and beaver. 830

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sor-
row. 835

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-
mettos;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in
the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were
the sleepers;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
maiden. 840

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the
distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the
maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Fe-
lician!

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wan-
ders. 845

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit?"

Then with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous
fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he
answered,— 850

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me
without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the
surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is
hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the south-
ward, 855

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and
St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her
bridegroom, .

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-
fold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-
trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens 860

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the
forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louis-
iana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western hori-
zon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the land-
scape; 865

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled
together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless
water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweet-
ness. 870

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
silent to listen. 876

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamenta-
tion;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision, 880

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-
tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with
emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the
green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-
land, 885

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of
cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from
whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-
tide, 890
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A
garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of
timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-
ported, 895
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious ve-
randa,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around
it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of
rivals. 900
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and
sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in
shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expand-
ing
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a
pathway 905

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in
the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deer-skin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. 915
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded 920
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of
/ the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.

Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the
prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance. 925

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the
gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing
to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,
and forward
Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith. 930

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly
embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts
and misgivings 935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on
the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous
accent, 940

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses. 945

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.

Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,

Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,

He at length had become so tedious to men and to maid-
ens, 950

Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover; 955

He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.

Up and away to-morrow; and through the red dew of the morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of
the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
fiddler. 960

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on
Olympus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
minstrell!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
straightway 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the
old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
blacksmith, 970

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
climate,

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who
would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and
do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy
veranda, 975

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper
of Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted to-
gether.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with
silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within
doors, 980

Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glim-
mering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the
herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless pro-
fusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches
tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as
they listened:— 985

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been
friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance
than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel
through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and
grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in
the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests
of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into
houses. 995

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with
harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from
your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his
nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on
the table, 1000

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, as-
tounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his
nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder
and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the
fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a
nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps
approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy ve-
randa.

It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
herdsman. 1010

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors :
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before
were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each
other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceed-
ing 1015

From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children de-
lighted,

All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the
maddening

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and
the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sad-
ness 1025

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the
river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious
spirit. 1030

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the
garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and
confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows
and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical
moonlight 1035

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the
oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite num-
bers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and
worship,

Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that
temple,

As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
"Upharsin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the
fire-flies, 1045

Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands
around me! 1050

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets, 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with
Basil descended 1065

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine,
and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding
before them,

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, 1070

Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord 1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,
like a gateway, 1080

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
Nebraska;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
sierras, 1085

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of
the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
vibrations.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beauti-
ful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sun-
shine, 1090

Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple
amorphas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and
the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless
horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's chil-
dren, 1095

Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible
war-trails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,

By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.

Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders; 1100

Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers;

And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
desert,

Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side,

And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Moun-
tains,

Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers be-
hind him.

Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
Basil

Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake
him.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of
his campfire 1110

Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at
nightfall,

When they had reached the place, they found only embers
and ashes.

And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them. 1115

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her
sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, 1120
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been
murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions, 1125
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering firelight
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped
up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian
accent, 1130

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that
another

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been dis-
appointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's com-
passion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was
near her, 1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had
ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale
of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden, 1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the
wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into
the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by
a phantom, 1145

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise Evangeline
listened 1150

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region
around her

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon
rose,

Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the
woodland. • 1155

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart,
but a secret,

Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the
swallow. 1160

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a
moment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a
phantom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the
Shawnee 1165

Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope
of these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe Chief of the
Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and
Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as
they hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline an-
swered, 1170

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await
us!”

Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of
the mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit
Mission. 1175

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the vil-
lage,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix
fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-
vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling
beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate
arches 1180

Of its ærial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,

Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen 1185

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam. 1190

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, 1195

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have de-
parted.

"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest;
"but in autumn, 1200

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and sub-
missive,

"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and af-
flicted."

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the
morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and
companions, 1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the
Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that
were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now
waving about her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and
forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by
squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and
the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the
cornfield.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her
lover. 1215

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the
magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s jour-
ney 1220

Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.

Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fra-
grance,

But they beguile us and lead us astray, and their odor is
deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-
after 1225

Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the
dews of nepenthe.”

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet
Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin
and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was
wafted 1230

Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.
Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mis-
sion. 1235

When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan
forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons
and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden;— 1240

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long
journey; 1245

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er
her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly ho-
rizon, 1250

As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, 1255

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country,

There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed, 1260

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.

Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265

Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morn-
ing 1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world
far below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the
pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in
the distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she be-
held him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but
transfigured; 1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught
her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequent-
ing
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the
sunlight, 1290
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the
watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the
city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through
the suburbs 1295
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for
the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their
craws but an acorn. 1300
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-
tember,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in
the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the
oppressor; 1305
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—

Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attend-
ants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and
woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and
wicket 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to
echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have
with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold
there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor, 1315

Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and
apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted
and silent, 1320

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-
house.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the
garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among
them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance
and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled
by the east-wind, 1325

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry
of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their
church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are
ended;" 1330

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of
sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in
silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their
faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the
roadside. 1335

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for
her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the con-
soler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for-
ever. 1340

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shud-
der

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers, 1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible
anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old
man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples; 1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man-
hood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit ex-
hausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sink-
ing.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied rever-
berations, 1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that suc-
ceeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,

“Gabriel! O my beloved!” and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his
childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among
them, 1365
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking
under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eye-
lids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his
bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents un-
uttered 1370
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue
would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside
him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-
ment. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I
thank thee!” 1380

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its
shadow,
Side by side in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleep-
ing.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside
them, 1385
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are
busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade
of its branches 1390
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy; 1395
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

NOTES.

LINE 3. *Druids*. A name applied to the priests among the Celts of Ancient Gaul and Great Britain. Their places of worship were in the forests; they exercised also the functions of prophets, physicians, and judges.

8. The two-fold nature of the calamity that befell the Acadians is foreshadowed in lines 8 and 9. The last three lines of the Prelude give the scope of the theme.

15. *Grand-Pre*. A village on the Bay of Minas, on the northwest coast of Nova Scotia. A railway runs through it at the present day. Population now about six hundred.

25. *Turbulent tides*. The tides on the coast of Nova Scotia are very strong, causing a marked swelling and subsiding of the streams.

19-32. These lines give the geography of the place where the scene of the first events is laid. With the aid of a map of Nova Scotia the locality may be charted, and in this way more clearly realized.

34. *Normandy*. A province in northern France.

Reign of the Henries. Henry II., III., and IV. Kings of France who reigned during the last half of the 16th and the first years of the 17th century.

49. *Angelus*. The bell tolled at stated times of the day, to indicate the time when prayers were to be said.

1-57. Longfellow had not visited this locality; he probably got some hints for this description from Normandy, through which he had traveled.

63. *Hearty and hale*. Phrase owing its form, and possibly its current use, to the effect of alliteration; like "cranny and crevice" (130) and "bell and book" (657). Many phrases in common use have a like form—"fast and furious," "wild and woolly," etc.

65. *Seventeen summers*. Compare the way in which the age of her father is stated (62).

72. *Hyssop*. A bushy herb used by the Israelites in sprinkling the purifying waters.

74. *Missal*. A prayer-book.

94. *Seraglio*. The palace of the Sultan of Turkey; a name applied to the residences of Eastern princes and their families.

96. *Penitent Peter*. Reference to St. Matthew xxvi: 75.

111. *Patron Saint*. The saint regarded as the particular protector of the village.

117. *Since the birth of time*. The poet possibly has in mind among others Tubal-cain, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron." (Gen. iv: 22.)

122. *Plain-song*. A recitative in the church service.

133. *They were nuns*. Each nun is thought of as carrying a light, and, as she disappears in the chapel, the light vanishes, resembling the disappearance of each glowing coal as it goes out.

137. *Wondrous stone*. According to a belief current among the French peasants, the swallow would search on the beach for a certain stone effective in restoring sight to the blind; she would carry this to her nest in order that her young might be made to see.

144. *Saint Eulalie*. A Christian maiden of Barcelona, Spain, who suffered martyrdom under Emperor Diocletian. Her day in the calendar is Feb. 12. If the sun shone bright on this day, the ensuing season would be rich in fruit.

149. *The sign of the scorpion*. One of the signs of the zodiac. The sun enters this sign on the 23d of October.

153. *As Jacob of old*. (Gen. xxxii: 24.)

157. The predictions here are based on signs and observations quite common even to-day. Nature had provided the fox with a thick fur against an inclement winter; so also for the same reason the instinct of bees had impelled them to lay up abundant stores.

159. *Summer of All-Saints*. Our Indian summer. The French have also given it the name of "Little Summer," and the Germans, "Old Women Summer."

170. *The plane-tree*. A recollection of a passage from Herodotus, the historian, who relates (vii: 31) that as Xerxes was marching from Phrygia towards Lydia, he found a plane-tree of such beauty that he had it adorned with a golden jewel. The American plane-tree is generally known as the sycamore.

172. *Burden and heat*. Biblical language. (Matt. xx: 12.)

207. *Carols of Christmas*. Joyous songs in keeping with Christmas festivities.

227. *Jovial*. Properly, it means to be born under the influence of the planet Jupiter. According to astrology, such people are of a cheerful and happy disposition. Compare "martial," "saturnine."

234. *Horseshoe*. The finder of a horseshoe has a charm against lightning and fire. If it is nailed to the door-post in such a way that the points turn outward it will bring luck; reversed, it will bring bad luck.

249. *Louisburg*. A town on the southeast coast of the island of Cape Breton, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was founded by the French in 1713, surrendered to the English in 1745, passed back into the hands of the French in 1748, and in 1758 once more restored to the English. The population was once about three thousand; now it is only a little over one thousand, mostly fisher folk.

Port Royal, now Annapolis. Town on the Bay of Fundy. Oldest settlement in Nova Scotia.

260. *The merry lads*, etc. The unmarried men would build a house for the newly wedded couple, and provide it with the immediate necessities for housekeeping. They would also break a portion of the ground adjoining and prepare it for tillage.

280. *Loup-garou*. A man supposed to have the power of transforming himself into a wolf. This superstition existed among the Scythians, the Greeks, and the Romans, but it appears to have been especially prevalent in France during the reign of Louis XIV.

281. *The goblin*. A domestic goblin who feeds and grooms the horses. He has often a favorite horse, and takes away the feed from the others and gives to this one. This superstition is widely diffused among German peoples.

282. *The white Letiche*. This story was brought into Acadia from Normandy. It is probably associated with the ermine and its milk-white color. The French word for milk is "lait"; hence "Laitice," and finally "Létiche."

285. *Fever*. To carry a spider in a nutshell on the chest was thought to cure the fever; it was also said to bring good luck. Compare line 1006.

314. *Ruled with an iron rod*. (Rev. ii: 27.)

354. *Curfew*. (Fr. *couvre-feu*.) Time (marked by the ringing of a bell) when all lights were to be put out and all fires safely covered over. An evening bell. The custom was brought into England by William the Conqueror.

381. *Young Ishmael.* (Gen. xxi: 14.)

398. *All things were held in common.* Compare Acts iv: 32; "blessed the cup." Compare I. Cor. x: 16.

413. "*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*" and "*Carillon de Dunquerque*" were the names of familiar melodies and folk-songs.

441. *Majesty's pleasure.* This is the form in which royal proclamations end.

461. *Chancel.* The chancel designates the space in a church adjoining the altar, and generally separated from the rest of the church by a screen or railing.

466-481. Father Felician's appeal to his parishioners is made up, as would be expected, of exhortations to patience and forgiveness. His counsels are the teachings and the language of the Bible: "To love one another"; "the Prince of Peace"; "Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!" "O Father, forgive them!"

486. *Elijah ascending to heaven.* (II. Kings ii: 11.)

492. *Emblazoned.* Ornamented in rich and varied colors.

507. *Like the Prophet descending from Sinai.* (Exodus xxxiv: 33.)

522. *Then she remembered the tale.* The story told by René Leblanc (306).

573. This climax in the plot is remarkable for brevity and directness. Lines 568 and 569 give the general situation; then follow in the next three lines specific instances of the calamities that befell these people; and, at the same time, these lines furnish a preparation for the main event told in 573.

597. *Like unto shipwrecked Paul.* (Acts xxvii: 22.)

605. "*Benedicite.*" Bless you! Very often with the sense of bless me! bless us!

615. *Titan-like.* The Titans were a race of giants of primordial times figuring in ancient classic mythology.

622. *From a hundred house-tops.* Moreau, the French historian, says that 100 houses and 500 barns and stables were burned. Nevertheless, there were left as plunder, besides household goods and implements, about 2000 oxen, 3000 cows, 600 horses, and 12,000 sheep.

631. *The Nebraska.* The Platte tributary of the Missouri.

657. *Without bell or book.* Without tolling the bell for the de-

parted, the passing-bell; without the regular form of the burial service.

660. *Dirge*. A funeral hymn. A hymn forming part of the service at funerals. One part of it began, "Dirige, Domine, Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam." Direct, O Lord, my God, my way in thy sight.

668. *Household gods*. The Penates of the Romans, who were the special genii of the family. Here it means those household belongings that had been inherited, or that had become dear to them for some other reason.

674. *Savannas*. Prairies.

677. An allusion to the vast delta of the Mississippi. In the sand of which this delta is made up have been found the bones of animals now extinct; the mastodon and the mammoth, for instance.

705. "*Coureurs-des-bois*." Runners of the woods. Whites who had adopted Indian modes and ways of life. They figure conspicuously in the early Indian wars.

707. "*Voyageurs*." A class of men employed by the trading companies to transport goods between points in the wilds of Canada. They made their trips mostly on the rivers, and in small canoes.

713. *To braid St. Catharine's tresses*. To take vows that pledge one to remain single. Catharine means "the one always pure." At a heathen festival St. Catharine offended the Emperor Maxentius by declaring the folly of idol-worship. She was thrown into prison, where, it is said, fifty heathen philosophers were sent to convert her; but instead of accomplishing their purpose, they themselves left the prison as Christians. She was beheaded in the year 307; and angels carried her head to the top of Mount Sinai. The Catholic Church celebrates the 25th of November as the day of her death.

733. *Let me essay, O Muse!* This is the epic manner from the times of Homer and Virgil to Milton. The deity or power whom the poet thought of as the patron of his verse was appealed to, often in an elaborate prologue.

741. *Month of May*. Not the month of May next succeeding the October of the exile. A little further on (lines 911-974) we learn that Basil the blacksmith had lived long enough in his new home to become wealthy, to acquire vast herds, and to test the soil of the prairies. Father Felician, Evangeline and others evidently belonged

to those exiles who were left along the Atlantic coast in Maryland and Virginia. After the lapse of some few years they resolved to seek their compatriots and kindred in Louisiana.

750. *Acadian coast*. This is a place in Louisiana, taking its name from the exiled Acadians who had settled there.

Opelousas. Village about sixty miles west of Baton Rouge.

755. *Chutes*. Rapids.

757. *Lagoon*. An area of water separated from the stream or sea by sand-dunes.

764. *Golden Coast*. This is a name applied to a stretch of country bordering on the Mississippi, in southern Louisiana.

766. *Bayou of Plaquemine*. An inlet south from Baton Rouge.

782. *Shrinking mimosa*. Sensitive plant; it will droop and close its leaves at the slightest touch.

807. *Atchafalaya*. One of the arms of the Mississippi.

809. *Lotus*. "The lotus-tree; native in northern Africa and southern Europe. It yields a pleasant-flavored fruit, the size of an olive." (*Century Dictionary*.)

816. *Wachita*, or Ouachita, is the name of a river in northern Louisiana.

821. *Ladder of Jacob*. See Gen. xxviii: 12.

856. *Teche*. Tributary to the Atchafalaya Bayou. On its banks are located the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin, which were founded by the Jesuit missionaries.

878. *Frenzied Bacchantes*. A Bacchante was a woman who took part in the celebration of the festivals of Bacchus. An intoxicated person indulging in noisy revelry.

889. *Mystic mistletoe*. A parasitic plant well known in Europe and America. The ancient Druids, when they chanced to find it on the oak (where it seldom grew), cut it down and used it for religious purposes.

908. *Shadowy canvas*. Sails made of dark material, or else, as is often the case, coated with tar.

913. *Doublet*. A jacket or other close-fitting garment for the upper part of the body.

914. *Sombrero*. A large broad-brimmed hat of straw or felt, first worn by the Mexicans, but now in general use through the West, particularly among the cowboys.

947. *This quiet existence.* This line suggests a contrast between Gabriel and Evangeline with respect to character and mood. Gabriel's restlessness prompts to action, but action without a purpose; Evangeline's, on the other hand, also to action, but with a very definite purpose.

953. *Ozark Mountains* extend northeast and southwest between the Arkansas and Missouri rivers. These mountains traverse parts of Arkansas, Missouri, and Indian Territory.

956. *Fates.* The destinies supposed to preside over the birth, life, and death of human beings. Their names in mythology are Clotho, Lachesis, and Athropos. Here the meaning is his bad luck so far as making progress is concerned; the necessity of rowing against the streams.

957. *Red dew.* The dew in which the morning sun is mirrored as red.

970. *Ci-devant.* A French word meaning "former."

1004. *Fever.* The yellow fever. Compare line 285.

1009. *Creoles.* Native whites, especially applied to native French or Spanish as distinguished from white settlers born in Europe.

1033. *Silent Carthusian.* This is an order of monks instituted in France in 1084. This order made it a duty for its members to observe silence. The name is derived from Chartreux, the place where their first monastery was erected.

1044. *Upharsin.* (Daniel v: 25.) "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."

1063. *Prodigal Son.* (St. Luke xv.)

1064. *Foolish Virgin.* (St. Matt. xxv.)

1082. *Oregon.* The Columbia river. It receives the Walloway, and, through the Snake river, the Owyhee as tributaries.

1083. *Wind-river Mountains.* A mountain range in Wyoming, running northwest and southeast. It forms the dividing crest of the continent, so that on one side of it the streams flow into the Pacific, on the other into the Atlantic.

1084. *The Sweet-water River* rises at the southern end of the Wind-river Mountains.

1091. *Amorphas.* Sometimes known by the names of "false indigo" or "lead-plant."

1095. *Ishmael's children*. Indians, who, like Ishmael and Hagar, were driven out into the desert. (Gen. xxi: 14.)

1106. *Into this wonderful land at the base of the Ozark Mountains*. The description in lines 1078-1105 comprises a vast part of western United States. The Columbia and the Platte rivers form a general northern boundary. From these it extends southward, including the Sierras, the Rocky Mountains, and the Great Plains. The base of the Ozark Mountains is mentioned merely as a point on the extreme eastern line.

1114. *Fata Morgana*. A mirage; an optical illusion often seen in deserts. Objects such as vessels, trees, buildings, appear as if suspended in the air.

1119. *Shawnees*. The Shawnees are a tribe of Indians, who, during the early French and English wars, were the allies now of the French, now of the English. Some of them were located in Missouri in the early part of the last century. Those of the tribe that survive are now on agencies in Indian Territory.

1120. *Camanches*. War-like Indians originally occupying tracts of territory in Texas and Colorado. Most of them are now on reservations.

1139. *Mowis*. A legend relates that an Indian youth was cruelly jilted by his beloved. The protecting genius of the young man, to avenge him, caused him to fashion an image of a youth mostly from old rags limed together with snow. Manitou assisted, made him alive and gave him the name of Mowis; i. e., rag man. The Indian girl fell in love with Mowis, and was married to him. On the morning after the wedding, they started on a journey; but the sun dissolved the snow of which Mowis was made, so that he was reduced to ugliness before her eyes, and finally vanished altogether. When she found that her lover was to return no more, she lay down and died.

1145. *Fair Lilinau*. Lilinau, the daughter of a famous Indian chief, was wont to seek distant and desert places, where she gave herself up to her own musings. She was warned by her mother to cease these trips, but without avail. A husband was selected for her, and the day set for the wedding. She decked herself for the ceremony and put flowers in her hair; but she begged to be allowed, as a favor, to visit her retreat in the forest once more. This was granted, but she never returned. The only thing ever heard of her

fate was that a fisherman had seen her carried away by a spirit, whose hair was decked with green feathers.

1167. *Black Robe Chief*. Called thus by the Indians on account of the black garment which the missionary wore.

1181. *Vespers*. Evening service.

1212. *Golden weather*. Our Indian summer.

1213. *Blushed at each blood-red ear*. Compare Hiawatha, XIII:

“And whene’er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
‘Noska!’ cried they all together,
‘You shall have a handsome husband’;
And whene’er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Then they laughed and sang together,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man bent almost double.”

1226. *Asphodel*. In Homer a flower that grows on the meadows of the underworld.

Nepenthe. A drug mentioned by Homer as giving relief from grief and sorrow.

1241. *Moravian Missionaries*. The Moravian Brethren, a religious community tracing its origin to the followers of John Huss. Of all the reformed churches this was the earliest and most active in missionary work.

1253. *Penn the apostle*. William Penn, one of the foremost among the Quakers; born in London in 1644, died 1718. In 1683 he founded the city of Philadelphia.

1297. *Pestilence*. A pestilence, the yellow fever, ravaged Philadelphia in 1793.

1298. *Then it came to pass*. Biblical expression, as for instance, St. Matt. ix: 10.

1299. *Presaged by wondrous signs*. An ancient superstition often given literary form as in Virgil, Cæsar, Herodotus. One of the few instances in the poem in which the author shows a leaning toward ancient classic forms.

1312. *The poor*. See St. Mark xiv: 7.

1318. *City celestial*. Reference to Rev. xxi: 10.

1326. *Christ Church*. One of the principal churches of Phila-

delphia. During the time of the Revolution, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin attended it regularly. Franklin lies buried in the adjoining churchyard.

1328. *The Swedes*. They settled in and around Philadelphia in 1631. At first they held services in Fort Christina, but in 1667 they built a small wooden church about two miles from the fort. A few years later a blockhouse in Wicaco (now a part of Philadelphia) was used as a church. This building afforded some protection against the Indians, who were not to be depended upon. It was here that Evangeline heard them singing psalms, the chorals used in the church service.

1354. *Like the Hebrew*. A reference to Exodus xii: 7.

1364. *Then he beheld*, etc. This is not a mere poetic vision that the poet grants Gabriel. In cases of fever, reminiscences like these will crowd upon the patient with astounding reality. Here it was of course prompted by Evangeline's voice and presence.

1388. *Where theirs have ceased from their labors*. See Rev. xiv: 13.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

The diacritical marks here used are those found in Webster's International Dictionary.

Acadie (ä-kä-dē').

Acā'dian.

Ädā'yes.

Angelus Domini (än'jē-lūs dōm'ī-nī).

Atchafalaya (äch-ä-fä-lī'ä).

Bacchantes (bäck-kän'tēz).

Bacchus (bäck'ūs).

Beau S'jour (bō sā-zhōōr').

Bēnēdīç'ītē.

Bēn'edīct Bēlle-fōntāine'.

Cāmăn'chēs.

Cape Brēt'ōn.

Chartreaux (shär-trē').

ci-devant (sē-dē-vānh')

coureurs-des-bois (kōō'rēr-dā-bwä).

couvre-feu (kōō'vr-fē).

(Evăn'gēline.)

Fä'tä Mōrgä nä.

Father Felician (fē-līsh'-ī-än).

Fontaine-qui-bout (fōnh'tān-kē-bōō).

Gabriel Lajeunesse (lä-zhē-nēs').

Gasperau (gäs-pē-rō').

Grand-Pré (grānh-prä').

Le Carillon de Dunkerque

(lē kār-ē-yōnh' dē dūn-kērē').

Létiche (lā-tēsh').

Lilinau (lē'lī-nō).

Louisburg (lōō'ī-bûrg).

Loup-garou (lōō-gär-ōō').

Melita (mě-lē'ta).

Minas (mē'nās).

Mowis (mō'wēs).

Natchitoches (näck'ē-tōsh).

nēpēn'thē.

Opelousas (ōp-ē'lōō'sās).

Ow̄y'hee.

Plaquemine, Bayou of (plāk-mēn', bīoo).

René Leblanc (rē-nā' lē-blānhk').

St. Maur (sānh mōr').

seraglio (sē-rāl'yō).

Têche (tāsh).

Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres

(tōō lā bōōr-zhwā' dē shārtr).

Upharsin (ū-fār'sīn).

voyageur (vwä-yä-zhēr').

Wachita (wosh'ē-taw).

Walleway (wōl'ē-wā).

wēre-wolf.

Wicaco (wē-kä'kō).



